

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE  
THE MERRY MEN & OTHER TALES



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

LONDON: J. M. DENT & SONS LTD.  
NEW YORK: E. P. DUTTON & CO. INC.

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In thy most need to go by thy side.

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FICTION

DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE, THE  
MERRY MEN & OTHER TALES  
BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

ROBERT LOUIS (LEWIS) STEVENSON,  
born at Edinburgh in 1850. Exchanged  
engineering for law in 1871; called to the  
Bar in 1875, but never practised. Visited  
America and married in 1880. America  
again in 1887, and settled in Samoa in  
1889-90. Died there in 1894.

# INTRODUCTION

## THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

STEVENSON had long been turning over the old theme of man's double nature, and looking for a scenario and a narrative idea to give it the life it required, when at last a dream gave him his cue. He had lately seen *Prince Otto* run in *Longman's Magazine*, and was struggling hard against ill-health to maintain his output, when out of his own trouble he projected this grim embodiment of the *Doppelgänger*. It was when he was at Skerryvore, near Bournemouth, that at last the dream came which started him on the way with three scenes or episodes of what he called "a fine bogey tale." Mrs. Stevenson was awakened, she tells us, by his cries of horror, and then roused the dreamer, to his disgust at losing his dream-cue. It seems he had reached the point where Dr. Jekyll turns into his evil other-self for the first time. We gather from his Skerryvore letters about the time that he was himself both physically and mentally ill at ease—"Prometheus—Heine in minimis," he signed himself in one letter that autumn to William Archer.

Once he had settled down to writing the story, he was extraordinarily rapid about it. Mr. Lloyd Osbourne said he did not believe that "there was ever such a literary feat before." The decisive second draft took its writer less than three days; but as usual he worked over it very carefully. Sir Graham Balfour, in his *Life*, gives us interesting clues to the first and the later drafts. The first was less subtle in effect than the later. Dr. Jekyll was bad to the core, and the double was only a stage-disguise, so to speak. Then Stevenson, realising that he had erred in his treatment, making what was in effect a profound human allegory into a mere story-teller's sensation, made a new version.

When finished, it proved of an awkward length for a single book. Readers who are old enough to remember the winter when it first appeared—January 1885—may recall the little

paper-backed shilling volume under *The Sign of the Ship*, which made the names of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde into a public sensation. A year later R. L. S. sent a friend a copy, and spoke of it as a Gothic gnome which came out of "a deep mine."

Some discussion has taken place from time to time of the London colouring of the book. The exact street where the house with the haunted door stood is not easy to identify; but it has been hinted that it was John Street, not far east of Golden Square, where Mr. Utterson, the lawyer, lived. The interiors of some of the old John Street houses rather fit the description. Stevenson, like Alphonse Daudet and others, saw London through the eyes of Dickens; and the fog in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is like a miniature drawn fine from a large and bold original cartoon, which you can look up in *Bleak House*.

### THE MERRY MEN AND OTHER TALES

*The Merry Men*, the single tale of that name, owes its original title to a Highland transfer from some rocks in the Pentland Firth. Like Sir Walter Scott, Stevenson was quite ready to alter a scene, or import a feature, when it fitted his purpose. As Mr. Francis Watt has pointed out in his book, *R. L. S.*, the "Merry Men" in the Pentland Firth had caught Stevenson's fancy, and he boldly transported them to the other coast of Scotland, where he plumped them down by the island he calls Aros—its real name is Earraid. There is an Aros, however, on the north-east of Mull. He made other changes; but the local colour is true enough to the sea and coast setting. The "Ben Kyaw" of the tale, the mountain of the mist, is no doubt Ben More, which is the highest in Mull.

Of the other stories, *Will o' the Mill* owes its scenery mainly to the Brenner Pass in the Tyrol, which he saw as a boy on a foreign tour in 1863 and not again. The story is an allegory, and owes much to Hawthorne's influence. It was the first of his stories to be accepted by the *Cornhill Magazine*, and it drew attention at once to his style and a certain originality of idea. *Markheim*, again, is affected by the mode of Balzac, in two of his short stories, and in *Peau de Chagrin*. The scene is laid in London; but it might almost as well be in any other great city, for any distinctive place interest in the sombre night setting. *Thrawn Janet*, like *The Merry*

*Men*, was written at Pitlochry in 1880. Its succinct narrative quality recalls George Meredith's note to him on his economy in the art. A letter to Colvin, speaking of these tales of sensation, which he termed "crawlers," shows that he first thought of using the title *The Black Man and Other Tales*. He declared in the letter that *Thrawn Janet* had frightened him to death; but he believed he would recover. *Olalla* is in a totally different vein and belongs to another region. Perhaps it wants something of the sheer belief of the author in his own fantasy. He once fell to wondering why the title itself sounded unreal and unconvincing, but he thought the story well written. *The Treasure of Franchard* was not written in France, as one might suppose, but in the Highlands. His fictive fantasy often worked best at a long remove from the scene he painted.

And still in dreams we see the Hebrides.

*The Merry Men and Other Tales* was published in the year after *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (in February 1877). Stevenson, we may add, had some idea of amplifying the title-story and making a single book of it. It lay very near his heart, among the children he reared. "I mean," he wrote once to his father, "to make it much longer with a whole new *dénouement*, not yet quite clear to me."

E. R.

The following is a list of Stevenson's works:

The Pentland Rising, a Page of History 1666, 1866; The Charity Bazaar: an Allegorical Dialogue, 1868; An Appeal to the Church of Scotland, 1875; An Inland Voyage, 1878; Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh, 1879; Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes, 1879; Deacon Brodie, or The Double Life (Drama, in collaboration with W. E. Henley), 1880; Not I, and other Poems, 1881; "Virginibus Puerisque," 1881; Familiar Studies of Men and Books, 1882; Moral Emblems, 1882; New Arabian Nights, 1882; Treasure Island, 1883; The Silverado Squatters, 1883; Admiral Guinea, and Beau Austin (Dramas, in collaboration with W. E. Henley), 1884; Prince Otto, 1885; The Child's Garden of Verse, 1885; More New Arabian Nights: The Dynamiter, 1885; Macaire (Melodramatic Farce, in collaboration with W. E. Henley), 1885; The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, 1886; Kidnapped, 1886; Some College Memories, 1886; The Merry Men, and other Tales and Fables, 1887; Underwoods, 1887; Thomas Stevenson, Civil Engineer, 1887; Memories and Portraits, 1887; Ticonderoga: a Poem, 1887; Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin (Introduction to Papers of Fleeming Jenkin), 1887; The Black Arrow: a Tale of the Two Roses, 1888; Misadventures of John Nicholson, 1888 (from *Yule Tide*); The Master of Ballantrae, 1888; The Wrong Box (in collaboration with Mr. Lloyd Osbourne), 1889; Ballads, 1890; The South Seas, 1890 (privately printed); 1896 (thirty-five letters); Father Damien, 1890; The Wrecker (in collaboration with Mr. Lloyd Osbourne), 1892; Across the Plains, with



other Memories and Essays, 1892; A Footnote to History, 1892; Three Plays (Deacon Brodie, Beau Austin, and Admiral Guinea), 1892; Island Nights' Entertainments, 1893; War in Samoa, 1893; Catriona (sequel to Kidnapped), 1893; The Ebb-Tide (in collaboration with Mr. Lloyd Osbourne), 1894.

POSTHUMOUS PUBLICATIONS.—Vailima Letters, 1895; Four Plays (in collaboration with W. E. Henley), 1895; Fables (with new Edition of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde), 1896; Weir of Hermiston, 1896; Songs of Travel, 1896; Familiar Epistles in Prose and Verse (for private distribution), 1896; St. Ives (last chapters by Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch), 1898 (from *Pall Mall Magazine*).

EDITIONS OF WORKS.—Edinburgh Edition, edited by Sidney Colvin (includes contributions to periodicals, and many uncollected writings), 28 vols., 1894-98; Pentland Edition, with Bibliographical Notes by Edmund Gosse, 1906, etc.

Songs of Travel, and other Verse, edited by S. Colvin, 1896; Letters to his Family and Friends, edited by S. Colvin, 1899; Some Stevenson Letters, with Introduction by H. Townsend, 1902; Essays, edited by W. L. Phelps, 1906.

LIFE.—By Prof. W. Raleigh, 1895; Graham Balfour, 2 vols., 1901; H. B. Baildon, 1901; G. K. Chesterton (*Bookman* "Booklets"), 1902; Earl of Rosebery, Wallace, Burns, Stevenson: Appreciations, 1903; Sir Leslie Stephen, an Essay, 1903; A. H. Japp, Robert Louis Stevenson: a Record, an Estimate, and a Memorial (with some unpublished letters), 1905; also in Famous Scots Series (M. M. Black), and Modern English Writers (L. C. Cornford).

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*by C. Tinling & Co. Ltd.*  
*Liverpool, London and Prescott*  
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*J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd.*  
*Aldine House Bedford St. London*  
*First published in this edition 1925*  
*Last reprinted 1945*



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THE STRANGE CASE OF  
DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

TO  
KATHARINE DE MATTOS

It's ill to loose the bands that God decreed to bind;  
Still will we be the children of the heather and the wind;  
Far away from home, O it's still for you and me  
That the broom is blowing bonnie in the north countrie.

# THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

## STORY OF THE DOOR

MR. UTTERSON the lawyer was a man of a rugged countenance, that was never lighted by a smile; cold, scanty and embarrassed in discourse; backward in sentiment; lean, long, dusty, dreary, and yet somehow lovable. At friendly meetings, and when the wine was to his taste, something eminently human beaconed from his eye; something indeed which never found its way into his talk, but which spoke not only in these silent symbols of the after-dinner face, but more often and loudly in the acts of his life. He was austere with himself; drank gin when he was alone, to mortify a taste for vintages; and though he enjoyed the theatre, had not crossed the doors of one for twenty years. But he had an approved tolerance for others; sometimes wondering, almost with envy, at the high pressure of spirits involved in their misdeeds; and in any extremity inclined to help rather than to reprove. "I incline to Cain's heresy," he used to say quaintly: "I let my brother go to the devil in his own way." In this character it was frequently his fortune to be the last reputable acquaintance and the last good influence in the lives of down-going men. And to such as these, so long as they came about his chambers, he never marked a shade of change in his demeanour.

No doubt the feat was easy to Mr. Utterson; for he was undemonstrative at the best, and even his friendships seemed to be founded in a similar catholicity of good-nature. It is the mark of a modest man to accept his friendly circle ready made from the hands of opportunity; and that was the lawyer's way. His friends were those of his own blood, or those whom he had known the longest; his affections, like ivy, were the growth of time, they implied no aptness in the object. Hence, no doubt, the bond that united him to Mr. Richard Enfield, his distant kinsman, the well-known man about town. It was a nut to crack for many,

what these two could see in each other, or what subject they could find in common. It was reported by those who encountered them in their Sunday walks, that they said nothing, looked singularly dull, and would hail with obvious relief the appearance of a friend. For all that, the two men put the greatest store by these excursions, counted them the chief jewel of each week, and not only set aside occasions of pleasure, but even resisted the calls of business, that they might enjoy them uninterrupted.

It chanced on one of these rambles that their way led them down a by-street in a busy quarter of London. The street was small and what is called quiet, but it drove a thriving trade on the week-days. The inhabitants were all doing well, it seemed, and all emulously hoping to do better still, and laying out the surplus of their gains in coquetry; so that the shop fronts stood along that thoroughfare with an air of invitation, like rows of smiling saleswomen. Even on Sunday, when it veiled its more florid charms and lay comparatively empty of passage, the street shone out in contrast to its dingy neighbourhood, like a fire in a forest; and with its freshly painted shutters, well-polished brasses, and general cleanliness and gaiety of note, instantly caught and pleased the eye of the passenger.

Two doors from one corner, on the left hand going east, the line was broken by the entry of a court; and just at that point, a certain sinister block of building thrust forward its gable on the street. It was two storeys high; showed no window, nothing but a door on the lower storey and a blind forehead of discoloured wall on the upper; and bore in every feature the marks of prolonged and sordid negligence. The door, which was equipped with neither bell nor knocker, was blistered and distained. Tramps slouched into the recess and struck matches on the panels; children kept shop upon the steps; the schoolboy had tried his knife on the mouldings; and for close on a generation no one had appeared to drive away these random visitors or to repair their ravages.

Mr. Enfield and the lawyer were on the other side of the by-street; but when they came abreast of the entry, the former lifted up his cane and pointed.

"Did you ever remark that door?" he asked; and when his companion had replied in the affirmative, "It is connected in my mind," added he, "with a very odd story."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Utterson, with a slight change of voice, "and what was that?"

"Well, it was this way," returned Mr. Enfield: "I was



coming home from some place at the end of the world, about three o'clock of a black winter morning, and my way lay through a part of town where there was literally nothing to be seen but lamps. Street after street, and all the folks asleep—street after street, all lighted up as if for a procession, and all as empty as a church—till at last I got into that state of mind when a man listens and listens and begins to long for the sight of a policeman. All at once, I saw two figures: one a little man who was stumping along eastward at a good walk, and the other a girl of maybe eight or ten who was running as hard as she was able down a cross-street. Well, sir, the two ran into one another naturally enough at the corner; and then came the horrible part of the thing; for the man trampled calmly over the child's body and left her screaming on the ground. It sounds nothing to hear, but it was hellish to see. It wasn't like a man; it was like some damned Juggernaut. I gave a view halloa, took to my heels, collared my gentleman, and brought him back to where there was already quite a group about the screaming child. He was perfectly cool and made no resistance, but gave me one look, so ugly that it brought out the sweat on me like running. The people who had turned out were the girl's own family; and pretty soon the doctor, for whom she had been sent, put in his appearance. Well, the child was not much the worse, more frightened, according to the Sawbones; and there you might have supposed would be an end to it. But there was one curious circumstance. I had taken a loathing to my gentleman at first sight. So had the child's family, which was only natural. But the doctor's case was what struck me. He was the usual cut-and-dry apothecary, of no particular age and colour, with a strong Edinburgh accent, and about as emotional as a bagpipe. Well, sir, he was like the rest of us: every time he looked at my prisoner, I saw that Sawbones turned sick and white with the desire to kill him. I knew what was in his mind, just as he knew what was in mine; and killing being out of the question, we did the next best. We told the man we could and would make such a scandal out of this, as should make his name stink from one end of London to the other. If he had any friends or any credit, we undertook that he should lose them. And all the time, as we were pitching it in red hot, we were keeping the women off him as best we could, for they were as wild as harpies. I never saw a circle of such hateful faces; and there was the man in the middle, with a kind of black sneering coolness—frightened too, I could see that—but carrying it off, sir, really like Satan. 'If you choose to make